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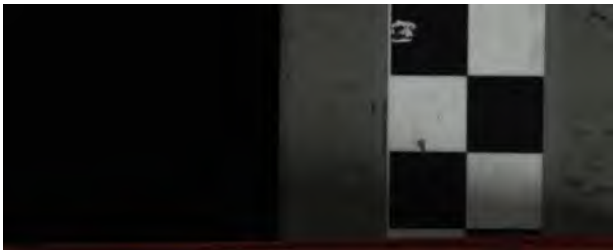

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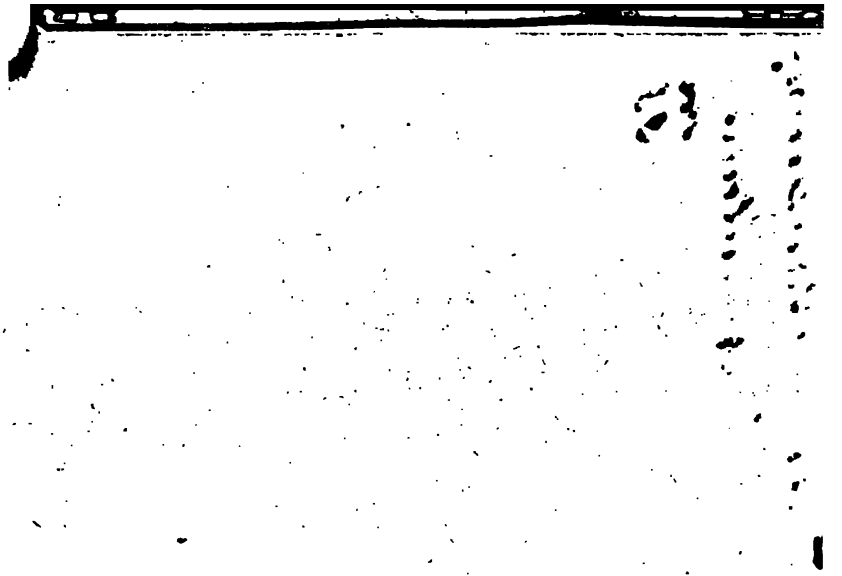

AN

ESSAY ON M

BY

ALEXANDER POPE

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE UNIVERSAL PR

AND

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SELECTED FROM HIS W

"The proper study of mankind

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AN ESSAY ON MAN.

IN FOUR EPISTLES,

TO H. ST. JOHN, L. BOLINGBROKE.

THE DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) *come home to men's business and bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering man in the abstract, his nature and his state: since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature, is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points:—There are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind, as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels the conformation and uses of which will forever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last, and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each *other*, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this essay has any merit, it is in steering betwi

extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passi over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming, a te perate, yet not inconsistent, and a short, yet not imp fect system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose: but I chose ver and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appe obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts, so wr ten, both strike the reader more strongly at first, a are more easily retained by him afterwards. The other may seem odd, but is true; I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain than that much of the force, as well as grace of arguments or instructions, depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious: or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a general map of man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connexion, but leaving the particulars to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these epistles, in their progress, (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening *the fountains, and* clearing the passage:—To deduce *the rivers, to follow* them in their course, and to observe *their effects, may be* a task more agreeable.

EPISTLE I.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of Man *in the abstract.—That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things.* ver. 17, *&c. to* 69. *That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the* general order *of things, and conformable to* ends *and* relations *to him unknown,* 69, *&c. That it is partly upon his* ignorance *of* future *events, and partly upon the* hope *of a* future *state, that all his happiness in the present depends* 73, *&c. The* pride *of aiming at more knowledge and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice of his dispensations,* 109 *to* 120. *The absurdity of conceiting himself the* final cause *of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the* moral *world which is not in the* natural, 127 *to* 140. *The* unreasonableness *of his complaints against providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, on the other hand the bodily qualifications of the brutes,* 165. *That to possess any of the* sensitive faculties *in a higher degree would render him miserable,* 181 *to* 198. *That throughout the whole visible world, one universal* order *and* gradation *in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a* subordination *of creature to creature and of all creatures to man. The gradations of* sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; *that reason alone countervails all the other faculties,* 199 *to* 224. *How much farther this* order *and* subordination *of living creatures may extend above and below us; where any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected* creation *must be destroyed. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire,* 225 *to* 260. *The consequence of all, the* absolute submission *due to Providence, both as to our* present *and* future *state,* 273, *&c.*

AWAKE my St. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan:
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot:
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield?
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first, of God above, or man below;
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man, what see we, but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
Sees worlds on worlds compose one universe;
Observes how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns;
What vary'd being peoples ev'ry star,
May tell why heav'n has made us as we are.

But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn, supports, upheld by God or thee?

II. Presumptuous man? the reason wouldst thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?
Of systems possible, if 'tis confest,
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must fall or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree:
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man;
And all the questions (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, If God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labor'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.

an, who here seems principal alone,
aps acts second to some sphere unknown,
hes some wheel, or verges to some goal;
ut a part we see, and not a whole.
the proud steed shall know why man restra
ery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
a victim, and now Egypt's god:
shall man's pride and dullness comprehend
tions', passions', being's, use and end;
doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd: and why?
our a slave, the next a deity.

en say not man's imperfect, heav'n in fault;
ather, man's as perfect as he ought;
nowledge measur'd to his state and place;
me a moment, and a point his space.
e perfect in a certain sphere,
matter soon or late, or here or there:
lest to-day is as completely so,
o began a thousand years ago.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
t the page prescrib'd their present state;
brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
o could suffer being here below?
amb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
e thy reason, would he skip and play?
to the last he crops the flow'ry food,
s the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.

Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest;
The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind,
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n:
Some safer world, in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no christians thirst for gold.
To be, content's his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone engross not heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes:
Men would be angels, angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for m
"For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
"Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flow'
"Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
"The juice nectarious, and the balmy dew:
"For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings:
"For me, health gushes from a thousand springs
"*Seas roll to* waft me, suns to light me rise:
"*My footstool* earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"*No* ('tis reply'd) *the first Almighty Cause*
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws:
Th' exceptions few; some change since all began;
And what created perfect?"—Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates—and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of show'rs and sunshine, as of man's desires:
As much eternal springs, and cloudless skies,
As man forever temp'rate, calm, and wise
If plagues or earthquakes break not heav'n's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Cataline?
Who knows but he, whose hand the light'ning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we heav'n in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But ALL *subsists* by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.

The gen'ral ORDER since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man? now upward will he
And little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downward, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assign'd:
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is heav'n unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?

Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose, in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that heav'n had left him still
The whisp'ring zephyr and the purling rill?
Who finds not providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends;
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight, betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compar'd half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier?
Forever sep'rate, yet forever near!
Remembrance and reflection, how ally'd!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide?

And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass the insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, and all to thee?
The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one?

VIII. See thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Nature's ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect; what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing—On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From nature's chain, whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to th' amazing whole;
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;

Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod
And natures trembles to the throne of God;
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm! Oh madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains,
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in th' etherial frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the 'rapt seraph that adores and burns.
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease, then, nor ORDER *Imperfection* name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

Know thy own point—This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony, not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

EPISTLE II.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HIMSELF, AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The business of man not to pry into God, *but to study* himself. *His* middle nature; *his power and frailties, and the limits of his capacity*, ver. 43. *The two principles of man*, self-love *and* reason, *both necessary*; self-love *the* stronger, *and why*; *their* end *the same*, 83. *The passions and their use*, 83 *to* 120. *The* predominant passion *and its* force, 122 *to* 150. *Its* necessity *in directing men to different purposes*, 153, *&c. Its* providential use *in fixing our* principle *and ascertaining our virtue*, 167. Virtue *and* vice *joined in our* mixed nature; *the limits* near *yet the* separate *and* evident. *What is the office of* reason, 187, *&c. How odious* vice *in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it*, 209. *That however the* ends *of* providence *and* general good *are answered in our* passions *and* imperfections, 230, *&c. How usefully they are distributed to all* orders of men, 233. *How useful they are to* society, 241, *and to the* individuals, 253, *in every* state, *and every* age *of life* 263, *&c.*

I. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much:

Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd ;
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd :
Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd,
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

Go, wond'rous creature ! mount where science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun ;
Go, soar with Plato, to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God ;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach eternal wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an ape.
Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind ?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end ?
Alas, what wonder ! man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to

But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity, or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain:
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts:
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self love, to urge, and reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all;
And to their proper operations still,
Ascribe all good; to their improper ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.

Self-love still stronger, as its object's nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gain;
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire;
Pain their aversion; pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self love the passions we may call:

But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
Our Reason bids us for our own provide:
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
List under reason and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd—'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest;
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the chart, but passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man, can man destroy?
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain:
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife,
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when, in act they cease, in prospect, rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses, diff'rent objects strike;
Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame:
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like *Aaron's* serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came—
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, habit is its nurse—
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse—
Reason itself but gives it edge and power—
As heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour:
We, wretched subjects, though to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey.

Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend;
A sharp accuser but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to pursuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier power the strong direction sends,
And several men impels to several ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Through life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expense;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side.

Th' eternal art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;

The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one interest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply—
Ev'n avarice, prudence—sloth, philosophy:
Lust, through some certain strainers were refin'd
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave—
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhor'd in Cataline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot, as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice,
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mein,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar, with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where's th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the north? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still:
Each individual seeks a several goal;
But Heav'n's great view is one, and that the whol
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we own true friendship, love sincere,
Each home felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign:
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy, nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chymist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.
See some strange comfort, ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend;
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier play thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage;
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age;
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
'Till tir'd he sleep's, and life's poor play is o'er!

Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;

One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain:
Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure other's wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this, Tho' man's a fool, yet God is wise.

EPISTLE III.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO SOCIETY.

THE ARGUMENT.

The whole universe *one system* of society, ver. 7, *&c. Nothing is made wholly for* itself, *nor yet wholly for another*, 27. *The happiness of animals*, mutual 53. Reason *or* instinct *operate also to* society *in all animals*, 109. *How far society is carried by instinct*, 119. *How much farther by reason*, 132. *Of that which is called the state of* nature, 148. Reason *instructed by* instinct *in the invention of* arts, 152, *and in the* forms *of society*, 180. *Origin of* political society, 199. *Origin of* monarchy, 211. Patriarchal Government, 216. *Origin of* true religion *and* government, *from the same principle of love*, 235, *&c. Origin of* superstition *and* tyranny, *from the same principle of* fear, 241, *&c. The influence of* self-love *operating to the* social *and* public good, 269. *Restoration of* true religion and government *on their first principle* 285. *Mixt government*, 289. *Various* forms *of each, and the* true end of all, 363, *&c.*

I. Here then we rest: "The Universal Cause
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth;
Let this great truth be present night and day; 5
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world; behold the chain of love,
Combining all below and all above:
See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend;

ıcted to, the next in place
impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
ext, with various life endu'd,
centre still, the general good.
:getables life sustain,
ılving, vegetate again;
ıt perish, other forms supply,
: catch the vital breath, and die)
ı on the sea of matter borne,
ey break, and to that sea return.
reign—parts relate to whole;
ıding, all-preserving soul
:h being, greatest with the least;
ı aid of man, and man of beast;
l serving: nothing stands alone;
ılds on, and, where it ends, unknown.

thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
pastime, thy attire, thy food?
table feeds the wanton fawn,
ındly spreads the flowery lawn;
the lark ascends and sings?
voice, and elevates his wings.
the linnet pours his throat?
own, and rapture swell the note.
g steed you pompously bestride
he lord the pleasure and the p
: *the* seed that strews the pla
Heaven shall vindicate the

Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all

Know, nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear,
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak control,
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks—he only knows,
And helps another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insects gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk, when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: To birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods:—
For some his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron and enjoy,
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest;

Which sees no more the stroke, nor feels the pain
Than favour'd man, by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!

To each unthinking being, heav'n a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end;
To man imparts it; but with such a view,
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too;
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle, that heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason, or with instinct blest;
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full instinct is th' unerring guide,
What pope or counsel can they need beside:
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest;
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human wit;
Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, reason never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.

See then the acting and comparing powers,
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this, 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as D'Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each *loves* itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.

Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace:
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpless kind demands:
That longer care contracts more lasting bands;
Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the interest and the love:
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn:
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose
These natural love maintain'd, habitual those;
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Memory and fore-cast, just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age:
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd
Still spread the interest, and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in nature's state they blindly tro
The state of nature was the reign of God;
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.

Pride then was not—nor arts, that pride to aid:
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed:
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God;
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest;
Heaven's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live, the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the general groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds;
And every death its own avenger breeds;
The fury passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, man.

See him from nature rising slow to art!
To copy instinct then was reason's part;
Thus then to man the voice of nature spake,
"Go, from the creatures thy instructions take
Learn from the birds, what food the thickets yield:
Learn from the beasts, the physic of the field;
Thy arts of building, from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plow—the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus, to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

Here too, all forms of social union find.
And hence let reason, late instruct mankind
Here, subterranean works and cities see;
There, towns ærial on the waving tree,
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The art's republic, and the realm of bees;
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know;
And these forever, though a monarch reign,
Their separate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle justice in her net of law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong
Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey:
And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
Be crown'd as monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

V. Great Nature spoke—observant man obey'd
Cities were built—societies were made:
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and joined, thro' love or fe
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What war could ravish, commerce could bes
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.

Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus states were form'd; the name of king unknown,
'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.
'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms
Diffusing blessings; or averting harms)
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then, by nature crown'd, each patriarch sate,
King, priest, and parent, of his growing state;
On him their second providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue:
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of the abyss profound,
Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began,
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as man:
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
One great First Father, and that first ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this all begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one:
E'er wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right:
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.

Love, all the faith, and all the allegiance, then:
For nature knew no right divine in men—
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A sov'reign being, but a sov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran;
That was but love of God, and this of man.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law,
'Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made.
She, 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To power unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes:
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust;
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.

Zeal, then, not charity, became the guide,
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.
Then sacred seem'd the ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reck'd with gore:
Then first the flamen tasted living food,
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood,
With heaven's own thunder shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So drives self love, thro' just and thro' unjust,
To one man's power ambition, lucre, lust:
The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws,
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when other wills rebel!
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by self-defence,
E'en kings learn'd justice and benevolence;
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or generous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or patriot rose but to restore
The faith and morals nature gave before,

Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught power's due use to people and to kings;
Taught not to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
The less or greater set so justly true,
That touching one, must strike the other too;
'Till jarring interests of themselves create
Th' according music of a well mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty made
To serve, not suffer—strengthen, not invade;
More powerful each, as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord or king.

For forms of government, let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is CHARITY.
All must be false that thwart this first great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.

Man, like the generous vine, supported, lives:
The strength he gains, is from th' embrace he gi

axis as the planets run,
once their circle round the sun;
stent motions act the soul;
rds itself, and one the whole.

nd nature link'd the general frame,
-love and social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HAPPINESS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Happiness ill defined by the philosopher, ver. 19. *That it is the end of all men, and attainable by all*, 28. *God governs by* general *not* particular laws: *intends happiness to be equal; and to be so it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general* 35. *As it is necessary for* order *and the peace and welfare of* society, *that* external goods *should be* unequal, *happiness is not made to consist in these.* 47. *But, notwithstanding that inequality, the* balance *of happiness among mankind is kept even by providence, by the two passions of* hope *and* fear, 66.—*What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world: and that the* good man *has her the advantage*, 76. *The error of imputing to virtue what are onl the calamities of nature or of fortune*, 92. *The folly of expecting Go should alter his general laws in favor of particulars*, 118. *That we ca not judges* who are good: *but that, whoever they are, they must be he piest*, 130, &c. *That* external goods *are not the proper rewards, bu ten inconsistent with, or destructive of virtue*, 166. *That even thes make no man happy without virtue: instanced in* riches, 176. P 184. Birth, 203. Greatness, 213. Fame, 233. Superior tale *With pictures of human infelicity in men possest of them all,* 9 *That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is* uni *whose prospect* eternal, 304, &c. *That the perfection of vir piness consists in a conformity to the order of providence resignation to it here and hereafter*. 326, &c.

O happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'er-look'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if drop'd below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?—Where grows it not?—If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture not the soil;
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where.
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And, fled from monarchs, St. John, dwells with thee.

Ask of the learn'd the way, the learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve and that to shun mankind.
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease:
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain:
Some, swell'd to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?

Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive,
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, man, "The Universal Cause
"Acts not by partial, but by general laws:"
And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist, not in the good of one, but all.

There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit rests self-satisfied.
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend.
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasure sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share, and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heaven's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest
More rich, more wise—but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

Heaven to mankind's impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness;
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing:
Bliss is the same in subject or in king:
In who obtain defence or who defend;
In him who is, or him who finds a friend.
Heaven breathes thro' every member of the whole,
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts, if each alike possest,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
Whilst those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competenc
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, Oh virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain,
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means or righ
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion, first
Count all th' advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from, and disdains;
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools, the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See god-like Turenne prostrate on the dust!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more tho' heaven ne'er gave?
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death

so long (in life if long can be)
aven a parent to the poor and me?

t makes all physical or moral ill?
leviates nature, and here wanders will.
ıds not ill; if rightly understood,
ial ill is universal good,
ıge admits, or nature lets it fall;
ınd but rare, 'till man improv'd it all.
t as wisely might of heaven complain,
ghteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
the virtuous son is ill at ease,
ıis lewd father gave the dire disease.
ve, like some weak prince, th' eternal cause,
or his fav'rites to reverse his laws?

burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
to thunder, and recal her fires?
ır sea new motions be imprest,
ıeless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
he loose mountain trembles from on high,
avitation cease, if you go by?
: old temple nodding to its fall,
ırtres' head reserve the hanging wall?

till this world (so fitted for the knave)
s us not. A better shall we have?
lom of the just then let it be:
: consider how those just agree.

good must merit God's peculiar care;
who, but God, can tell us who they are?
thinks on Calvin, Heaven's own spirit fell:
ther deems him instrument of hell:
alvin feels heaven's blessing or its rod,
; cries there is, and that, there is no God.
it shocks one part will edify the rest,
with one system can they all be blest.
very best will variously incline,
. what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
hatever is, is right."—This world, 'tis true,
; made for *Cæsar*—but for *Titus* too;
l which more blest? who chain'd his country, say;
ie whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed,"
at then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
t, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
: knave deserves it, when he tills the soil:
: knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
ere folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
: good man may be weak, be indolent;
is his claim to plenty, but content.
grant him riches, your demand is o'er!
)—shall the good want health, the good wa
l health, and pow'r, and every earthly thi
'hy bounded pow'r? why private? wh
ıy, why external for internal given?
'y is not man a God, and earth a

Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;
Immense the power, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and six;
Justice, a conqueror's sword—or truth, a gown—
Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes!
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife,
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind;
Rewards that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
How oft by these, at sixty, are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content, or pleasure, but the good or just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover, and the love of human kind,

hose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear.
cause he wants a thousand pound a year.

nour and shame from no condition rise :
t well your part, there all the honour lies.
rtune in men has some small difference made
e flaunts in rags one flutters in brocade :
e cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
e friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
tell you, friend, a wise man and a fool,
ı'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
cobbler like, the parson will be drunk,
rth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
e rest is all but leather, or prunello.
ck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
ıt thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings :
st the pure blood of an illust'rous race,
quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece :
by your father's worth, if your's you rate,
nt me those only who are good and great.
if your ancient, but ignoble blood,
crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
and pretend your family is young,
own your fathers have been fools so long.
ıt can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards
! not all the blood of all the Howards.

ok next on greatness! say where g
re, but among the heroes and the

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede:
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
Or make an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose!
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly, slow things, with circumspective eyes;
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great.
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains:
Like good Aurelius let him reign or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's Fame?—A fancied life in other's breath,
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.
Just what you hear, you have; and what's unknown,
The same (my lord) if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it, begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside, as much an empty shade,
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod:
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign but of true desert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart;
One self-approving hour, whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior, what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all other's faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge;
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they 'mount.
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods, with these:
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease

f still the things thy envy call,
t thou be the man to whom they fall?
ribbons, if thou art so silly,
hey grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
t the passion of thy life?
Gripus, or on Gripus' wife;
'e thee, think how Bacon shin'd:
brightest, meanest of mankind:
with the whistling of a name,
ell damn'd to everlasting fame;
, thy ambition call,
it story learn to scorn them all.
e rich, the honor'd, fam'd, and great,
: scale of happiness complete!
kings, or arms of queens, who lay,
those to ruin, these betray!
at wretched steps their glory grows,
id sea-weed, as proud Venice rose;
v guilt and greatness equal ran,
rais'd the hero sunk the man.
:'s laurels on their brows behold,
vith blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
em broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
for plundered provinces,
-fated! which no act of fame
to shine, or sanctified from shame.
:r bliss attends their close of life?
y minion, or imperious wife,
d arches, story'd halls invade,
heir slumbers in the pompous shade.

Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame

Know then this truth, (enough for man to kr
"Virtue alone is happiness below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill:
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so blest,
And but more relish'd as the more distrest;
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
Good from each object, from each place acqui
Forever exercised, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppres,
Never dejected, while another's blest;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss heav'n could on all bestow
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will f
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature, up to nature's God;

Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul:
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God, and love of man.

For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature whose dictates to no other kind,
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue, with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it—let thy ENEMIES have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of BENEVOLENCE:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss, but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next—and next all human race:
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind:
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heaven beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
Oh master of the poet, and the song!
And while the muse now stoops or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay; from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of time, thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes.

Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart:
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
Show'd erring pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT:
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same:
That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES *to know*.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

DEO OPTIMO MAXIMO.

FATHER of ALL! in every age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art God,
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do:
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid, when man receives—
T' enjoy, is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound;
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round

Let not this weak, unknowing hand,
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, oh! teach my heart
Still in the right to stay!
If I am wrong, thy grace impart,
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
Oh! lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not;
And let thy will be done.

To *Thee*, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all beings raise!
All nature's incense rise!

AMEN.

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

Ye Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong;
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more.—O Thou, my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun;
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' Æthereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove,
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning justice lift alone her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn;
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes, her earliest wreathes to bring
With all the incense of the breathing spring;

See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance,
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down ye mountains, and, ye vallies, rise!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay:
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf! and, all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day;
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;

Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise: the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun:
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods:
Waste sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn.
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lamb with wolves shall graze the verdant mead
And boys, in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet:
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.

crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise !
thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes !
ı long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
ıture sons, and daughters yet unborn,
›wding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
.nding life, impatient for the skies !
arb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
in thy light, and in thy temple bend :
ıy bright altars throng'd with postrate kings,
ıeap'd with products of Sabæan springs !
ıee Idume's spicy forests blow,
eeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
eav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
›reak upon thee in a flood of day.
›re the rising sun shall gild the morn.
v'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn :
st, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
de of glory, one unclouded blaze
›w thy courts : the light himself shall shine
l'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
eas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
t'd his word, his saving pow'r remains ;
ɛalm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN BY OUR AUTHOR, AT ABOUT TWELVE YEARS OLD.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Bless'd who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away:
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night, study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die:
Steal from the world and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
Invites my step, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in heav'n a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes:
The glorious fault of angels and of gods!
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage;
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd in their own palace, sleep.
From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

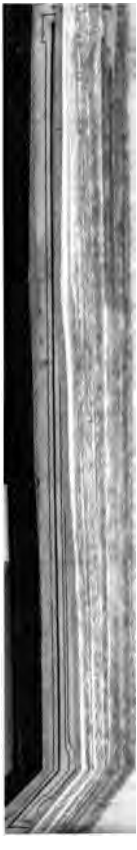
But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on those ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death:
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates:
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo! these were they, whose souls the furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield,
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, to melt at others woe.

What can atone, (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,

By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honor'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps that mourn a year;
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show?
What tho' no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
That once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honor'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot:
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart



Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The muse forgot, and thou be lov'd no more

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS S

AN ODE.

Vital spark of heavenly flame?
Quit, oh, quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight?
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE V.

TO

MR. ADDISON.

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUE ON MEDALS.

SEE the wild Waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations spoil'd,
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd:
Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her Floods:
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey,
Statues of Men, scarce less alive than they!
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name:
That Name the Learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.
Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
The faithless Column and the crumbling Bust:
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!

Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her Triumphs shrink into a Coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
Beneath her palm here sad Judæa weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.
The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams.
Poor Vadius long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd:
And Curio, restless by the Fair-one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
Her Gods, and godlike Heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage:
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.

Oh when shall Britain, concious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the Patriot's honest face;
There Warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair series laurell'd Bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy CRAGGS (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
"Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere,
"In action faithful, and in honour clear;
"Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
"Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
"Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
"And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd."

WEEPING.

WHILE Celia's Tears make sorrow bright,
Proud grief sits swelling in her eyes:
The Sun, next those the fairest light,
Thus from the Ocean first did rise:

us thro' Mists we see the Sun,
, else we durst not gaze upon.

: silver drops, like morning dew,
retell the fervor of the day:
:om one cloud soft show'rs we view,
nd blasting lightnings burst away.
Stars that fall from Celia's eye,
clare our doom is drawing nigh.

ne Baby in those sunny Spheres
So like a Phaeton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd world to spare,
Thought fit to drown him in her Tears:
Else might th' ambitious Nymph aspire,
To set, like him, Heav'n too on fire.

THE END.

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